

## A SAD STORY.

The First Authentic Account of How  
Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.,

DIED ALONE IN THE ARCTIC WILDS

How Giant, Skeleton-Like Men  
Kept Death Away by Eating  
Thongs and Bones They  
Picked Up.

Here is the first authentic story of the pitiful death by starvation of Leonidas Hubbard, Jr., in the wilds of Labrador. It comes in a letter received Wednesday from Dillon Wallace, a survivor of the exploring expedition, though written months ago. Its intensely graphic feature is the extract from the dying Hubbard's diary:

Northwest River, Labrador.  
December 3, 1903.  
Before this reaches you my telegram, that I will send forward by the mail carrier to be transmitted to you by cable from Chateau Bay, the nearest telegraph office, will have been received by you, and you will know of Mr. Hubbard's sad death, but not, until you receive this, the details.

On July 15, we left Northwest River, and on August 1 were practically out of provisions. On August 3 we killed four geese; on August 12 a big stag caribou; from that forward we lived on the caribou meat, which we had dried, but which was soon gone, and at long intervals succeeded in killing a goose or duck or grouse, with our rifles and pistols. Early in September the weather grew too cold for fish to bite. Our salt and sugar were gone early and we ate everything boiled and drank the water our food was boiled in. Birds were eaten wholly, heads, feet and everything but the feathers.

At length, about the middle of September, or a little earlier, we reached some large lake away in the interior. From a high, barren hill the great lake we had been aiming for could be seen—Lake Michikaman. Then the time for the caribou migration was past and reluctantly we turned homeward over our old trail inland, not having seen an Indian or any human being since leaving Northwest River. Winter was upon us and before September was gone the temperature dropped to 10 degrees above zero. Then we broke our thermometer and could get no record.

On October 11 we reached the camp where we had killed the caribou and got together the dried bones we had left and boiled them for soup. We scraped the skin from the head and boiled and ate that. We scraped up what was left of the stomach and ate that. The horns we soaked in the fire and ate them. Before we began our retreat from the big lake I had lost thirteen inches in waist measure. Our bones were sticking through the skin. I know the others looked, especially Hubbard, like walking skeletons. We were so weak at length that we could not sit down without falling.

At length one day Hubbard would not carry his little pack and I made him follow without any load. The next day, October 17, was the same. He could go no further. We pitched the tent, made him lie down and George and I got together wood for a fire. We were eighty miles from Northwest River, but at the head of Grand Lake, forty miles away, we hoped to find some trappers and food.

On the way up, some twelve miles below where Hubbard gave out, we had left a bag with some remnants of wet flour in it, and it was decided that we should leave our caribou bones and some pieces of flour bag I found (thrown away on the way up), for Hubbard, and that George and I go on the next morning to the flour bag we had abandoned, hoping to find some flour in it.

The next morning, after getting some wood and wrapping Hubbard in my blankets, George and I started. Before going I read Chapter XIV, of John, and at his request, my favorite, Chapter XII, of First Corinthians. I some how felt that I would never see him alive again, and it was very hard to go. His entry in his diary will tell you of our parting, and I quote:

"October 18, 1903. Alone in camp. For two days past we have travelled down our old trail with light packs. On Thursday I 'busted.' Friday and Saturday it was the same. I saw it was hopeless for me to try to go further with the boys.

"They will try to reach the flour tomorrow. Then Wallace will come back to me. George will go on to Grand Lake if he can, and send or lead help to us. Our past two days have been trying ones. I have not written my diary because so very weak.

"Yesterday at an old camp we found the end we had cut from a flour bag. It had a bit of flour sticking to it. We boiled it with our old caribou bones and it thickened the broth a little. We also found a can of mustard we had thrown away. I sat and held it in my hand a long time, thinking how it came from home. Then I took a bite of it and it was very good. We mixed some in our bone soup and it seemed to stimulate us. We had a bit of caribou skin in that same spot. It swelled up thick and was very good.

"Last night I fell asleep while the boys were reading to me. This morning I was very, very sleepy. After the boys left—they left me tea, the caribou bones and another end of flour sack found here and some yeast cakes—I drank a cup of strong tea and some bone broth. I also ate some of the really delicious rawhide (boiled

with bones) and it made me stronger—strong to write this. Our parting was most affecting. George said: 'The Lord help us, Hubbard; with His help I'll save you if I can get out.' Then he cried; so did Wallace. Wallace stooped and kissed my cheeks with his poor, sunken, bearded lips—several times; I kissed his. George did the same, and I kissed his cheek. Then they went away. God bless and help them.

"My tent is pitched in open-tent style, in front of a rock. The rock reflects the fire, but now it is going out because of the rain. I shall let it go out and close the tent till the rain is over, thus keep-out wind and saving wood. To-night or to-morrow, perhaps, the weather will improve so I can build a fire, eat the rest of my moccasins and a pair of cowhide mittens. They ought to help some.

"I am not suffering. The acute pangs of hunger have given way to indifference. I am sleepy. I think death from starvation is not so bad. But let no one suppose I expect it: I am prepared, that is all. I think the boys will be able, with the Lord's help, to save me."

On the morning of October 18, when George and I left camp, a drizzling cold rain was falling. At dusk on the 20th we reached the flour bag. It contained only some lumps of mouldy green stuff. The next morning George, with the greater part of this to help him in his long journey to Grand Lake, and I, with what clung to the bag and a few lumps of the stuff, parted, and I began my return march toward Hubbard and camp. Before noon the snow was half way to my knees. The spruce and fir tree branches were bending low with their weight of snow; the river was partially frozen, and the whole appearance of the country was changed. The snow had obliterated all landmarks, and after walking up and down several times where I thought the camp must be, I was at length compelled to give up the search, and headed toward Grand Lake. My intellect was numbed through weakness, and I walked in a half dream. And so it was, day after day, night after night, until I lost all record of the time I had been away from camp and did not know the day of the week or even what month it was.

Then I heard some men shout, very near me, and almost immediately four dark-faced men on snowshoes, with big packs on their backs, came over the bank. Then I remembered George was to try to summon to Donald Blake from Grand Lake. I knew Donald and I recognized him as one of the men. I spoke his name, "Donald Blake," and then he took my hand in his, and my senses returned with the touch of human flesh. In a moment they had a roaring fire and some hot tea, and gave me a slice of bread and butter. I ate it and it made me sick, but did me good. Everything I ate for two weeks made me sick. My rescuers were Allen Grandy, a part blood Indian, and Donald Blake, Gilbert Blake and Duncan MacLane, part blood Esquimaux, all trappers. I sent Allen Grandy and Donald Blake right on to look for Hubbard. They found him in a sleeping posture dead, and he had evidently gone to sleep after making the entry quoted above on the 18th, and never woke up.

George and I reached N. W. River November 6. Mr. Mackenzie, the manager, took me to his home, called his man from the company house to cut my hair and shave me (I had not had a hair cut since leaving New York, or a shave since July 15), a tub of water for a warm bath, a suit of night clothes and a good soft bed, and made a fire in my room. He rubbed my legs and put me to bed after supper. His little housekeeper cried over our troubles, and did everything she could for me. They have been very kind, and here I am making my home while here.

Mr. Hubbard's coffin came to day. Mr. Mackenzie had the lumber people make it. They brought it from Kenamish by dog train. With lots of love,  
Your Affectionate Brother,  
DILLON.

### Mastered Out of Service.

Mr. W. Edmunds Hogan, a native of Richland county, died in Los Angeles, Cal., on the 18th of this month and his body passed through Columbia Saturday to be buried in Sumter. The deceased was a soldier in the regular army, having been stationed at Cavite, Philippine Islands, for three years. His term of enlistment expired recently, and he was on his way home. From the news which has reached Columbia, it appears that he was asphyxiated accidentally while stopping at an inn at Los Angeles. As he did not appear at breakfast, a servant was sent to the room and found gas escaping through the crack under the door. Hogan was pulled out of the room but died a short while later at the Emergency hospital.

### The Thrifty Yankee.

The Philadelphia Record says the Massachusetts report of labor statistics for 1903 in dealing with the status of the negro population in that state brings out the curious fact that Massachusetts enacted the first statute establishing slavery in America, in 1641. This was twenty years before slavery was legally established in Virginia, though slaves had been brought to that state in 1619. There are now in Massachusetts 51,974 negroes, 80 per cent. of whom live in the cities.

### Wrecked on Seaboard.

The Seaboard's Florida limited was wrecked at Henderson, N. C., Thursday, running into an open switch which is believed to have been intentionally misplaced. A Pullman sleeper was burned. Engineer Tucker, of Portsmouth, had both legs broken and other trainmen were injured. No passengers were hurt.

## A QUEER TALE

In a Vision a Husband Came to a  
Sometime Wife.

A letter to The State from Greenwood says an interesting and curious case is that of Charles Robertson, a well-to-do negro, a native of this section, who appears before a former wife in a vision, so she declares, causing her to leave her then husband. The Robertson negro soon after died and now this wife No. 1 is about to die. The dead negro's relatives are squabbling over the property left by him and a great suit is on to decide the case. The negroes are greatly interested in it.

The story is this: About 10 years ago Charles Robertson was a negro carpenter here in Greenwood and doing well. Discovering that another negro had alienated his wife's affections he left Greenwood for Atlanta. In Atlanta he began business as a hackman and at the time of his death he owned three hacks and was considered prosperous for a negro. In the course of time he married an Atlanta negro who survives him.

Meanwhile the wife he had left in Greenwood also married again. This husband having died she married a third time. This husband, George Davis by name, and herself were living amicably together until about two months ago.

One morning she announced to him that she had had a vision the night before in which she saw her former and first husband surrounded by a group of angels and heard a voice telling her to change her life and prepare to meet her God. She was so impressed with the "vision" that she drove Davis from the hearth and home and has not lived with him since.

Her first husband's death occurring shortly after in Atlanta and her own serious illness have created a deep impression among other negroes that the vision is a "divinely inspired" one. Wife No. 2 is suing for what the Robertson negro left as are also the relatives of Wife No. 1, who is still able to be interested in that, and also the sisters of the dead negro, who wish both wives deprived of any part in his estate. The case will be tried at the next term of court.

### Doing His Duty.

A dispatch from New York says Mayor McClellan is making a record for himself. Those who were to think at first that his attitude against the gambling and criminal elements of the city at the beginning of his administration was merely a bluff and not destined to last long, are becoming convinced that they were mistaken. The mayor has not changed his attitude in the least, in spite of all temptation and notwithstanding the fact that a large majority of the Tammany following is by no means in sympathy with his efforts to suppress gambling in this city. Police Commissioner McAdoo, who seems to be in complete harmony with the mayor in this anti-gambling campaign, evidently recognizes the fact that Mayor McClellan means business and is determined to keep the lid down tight, even if some of the Tammany followers should get pinched in the process. Assistant Commissioner of Police Haggerty made the fatal mistake to believe that the order to keep the lid down in Greater New York was not meant seriously and encouraged the police officials in Brooklyn in their attitude of passive resistance to the orders from headquarters. He paid for his error of judgment by losing his head. He was requested to resign and when he refused to do so, he was deposed without ceremony. His removal has had a decidedly salutary effect upon the Brooklyn police department and resulted in a number of raids upon gambling houses and pool rooms.

### The Rights Of Tramps.

The supreme court of Iowa insists that the tramp has rights which must be respected. It says in effect that when a nomadic individual is unceremoniously tossed from a moving railway train by an inconsiderate conductor and injured thereby he may recover damages from the railway corporation. It appears that one Joseph Jomson, a gentleman of leisure and of peripatetic habit, was forcibly ejected from a moving train for insisting upon riding without paying his fare. He sustained injuries and brought suit against the road for damages. The lower court of Pottawattamie county held that a tramp had no rights and that the trainman was justifiable in throwing him from the train, no matter what the result might be. A new trial was granted and a favorable decision rendered, and upon taking the case to the supreme this last decision was sustained, giving the tramp claimant judgment for injuries sustained. It has been popularly supposed that the tramp has no rights which any one is bound to respect, but the Iowa decision puts another phase on the matter. It is a term admonition that the tramp must be handled gently. If you toss him from a moving train you must do it in such a way as not to injure him. If he comes to the back door to make inroads upon the family larder the bulldog must be tightly chained. The decision opens up a great field for sagacious tramps.

### Bride of a Week Dies.

A dispatch from Clinton to the State says Mrs. Richard E. Copeland died there Monday week after only two or three days' illness. Mrs. Copeland was a bride of only a little more than one week, having married on the 13th day of this month. She was Miss East and a native of Alabama, having moved from that State to Clinton just a short while before Christmas. She was a niece of Mrs. R. J. Copeland and Dr. East, who lives a short distance from Clinton.

## TO MINE PHOSPHATE.

Central Company Asks for Exclusive  
Right to Work Marsh Lands.

The State phosphate commission was in session Thursday and a matter of more than usual interest to the State was discussed. Mr. E. O. Hughes, an attorney of Charleston, appeared before the board representing the Central Phosphate company, which owns a plant of \$160,000 value.

Mr. Hughes submitted to the board two propositions, one of which was rejected, the other granted.

It is well known that in recent years South Carolina's once apparently inexhaustible supply of phosphate rock has dwindled to almost absurd proportions in comparison with the outlook. The cost of mining the rock is said to be less in Tennessee, Florida and in Algeria, three favorite sources of supply. Suffice to say that while a few years ago South Carolina derived \$200,000 from revenue in the industry, last year she received but a paltry \$25,000.

The cost of mining is said to be in excess of the prices obtained for the natural fertilizer in view of the competition now existing. Mr. Hughes said yesterday that his clients had been operating at a loss for some time and that it was possible that the plant might have to be shut down.

He asked that the State reduced the royalty which is now 25 cents on each ton. After consideration, the board declined to make the change. The tax was formerly \$1 per ton and the tax is now pledged to the bondholders of the State. In case of a rise in the price of the rock a rate less than 25 cents per ton would be out of proportion.

The second proposition was an interesting one and may help the industry materially. The Central company asked exclusive right to mine 3,000 acres of marsh land owned by the State and containing phosphate rock. This marsh is covered with water at high tide, but the mining may be done on the ebb.

The board granted this privilege with the proviso that the work must be conducted under the supervision of State Geologist Earle Sloan. The tax paid will be 5 cents per ton for the first year, 15 cents for the second year and 25 cents for the third year, the grant being for three years.

The experiment has never been tried before and will therefore be watched with considerable interest. Parisian capital owns the Central company. The State.

### Big Damages.

The Charleston Post says fifteen thousand two hundred dollars was the amount of damages awarded by the jury in the case of William G. Smith vs. the Atlantic Coast Line, which was tried in the court of common pleas Wednesday. The verdict is one of the heaviest for damages ever rendered by a Charleston jury. Mr. P. H. Gadsden, attorney for the railroad, said that he would make a motion for a new trial. The plaintiff brought suit against the road for injuries received last October, while in the employ of the company as brakeman and switchman. The accident occurred in the railroad yards. Smith went in between two cars to inspect some brakes that were defective when the train moved, passing over both his legs, injuring both members to such an extent that amputation was necessary.


### Choked With a Bone.

Mrs. Robert Walthour, of Walthourville, Liberty county, Ga., died at the Telfair hospital Wednesday, under peculiar circumstances. A few days ago while eating turkey for dinner a bone lodged in her throat. She could not get it out and died as a result of its lodging in her throat.

### The Hay Crop.

The State says hay does not figure largely in the calculations of the southern farmer, yet the value of the hay crop in the United States is from \$50,000,000 to \$100,000,000 greater than that of cotton.

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